

Pensioners

In Chelsea the old root
for Empire, in miniature

frames their ribbons
take the thin sun back-

lighting the Queen's Own
drilling in fields a-
cross the rushing street.

And they must stare through dust
of life to trill a codger lust

as Sergeant-Major jaws
a private soldier down, then

struts himself away,
to blur the diving light

with brass, glittering,
glittering.